manager "restructured" the cook, I prepared a roast in our dysfunctional oven. Unfortunately I mixed the gravy in the blue pitcher, the one Babs reserved for orange juice. During shift change I'd asked her to let the roast cook for an hour longer after she came on duty. I'd left the gravy, in the blue pitcher, on the counter. When Babs saw it she flew into a rage. She left an angry red-highlighted note in the common log, addressed to part-time staff from full-time staff (herself), never to use the blue pitcher for anything except orange juice, and never to use the orange juice for anything except breakfast. She subsequently stashed "breakfast only" orange juice in the freezer of the dining room fridge. At least it was used for something besides left-overs. She had many quirks. They ranged from mildly irritating to downright disgusting. She could be mean and bullying.

Adam trained me the next night. I believe Babs hated me. She probably demanded extra pay for "training" me, and told the manager I wouldn't make it. Adam must have decided to give me a chance. At any rate when I went in at midnight I was surprised to find him in the office. He was talking to Gladys, who'd just finished giving him shift change. He almost never worked nights. He'd brought in extra supplies of liquorice twists and hard candy, as well as his usual Lucky Strikes. He smiled at me from his chair by the computer, as if to say he was doing this for me. He was such a nice man.

I know I digress, but this is about Adam. There are things I remember about that night. I remember him sitting in the